THE

ORDEAL.

N°. 10.] SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1809. [Vol. 1.

POLITICAL.

As for your personal character, I will not, for the honour of human nature, suppose that you can wish to have it remembered. The condition of the present times is desperate indeed: but there is a debt due to those who come after us; and it is the historian's office to punish though he cannot correct. JUNIUS.

LETTER.—N°. 5.

To His Honour LEVI LINCOLN, Lieutenant Governour of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

SIR,

IT was believed by the Federalists and readily admitted by many of the least violent of your party, that the best policy to be pursued in relation to your Honour would be to suffer you to sink quietly from your conspicuous elevation, which is now only distinguished by your vices, into the profound insignificance from which you originally sprung. Your immediate friends, by whom I mean the heads of democracy and the promoters of crime, are, it seems, of a different opinion. Their purposes require a man who has as little concern for the prohibitions of virtue, as conception of the benefits of wisdom; who is equally destitute of shame for his misconduct, and desire of amendment. If they relinquish your Honour as a candidate at the approaching election, they may seek in vain throughout the prostituted ranks of democracy, for another leader so thoroughly drilled into the discipline, and qualified in all the vices of the service. No, sir, they consider you a statesman, who, not only in your religious and political creed, but in the virulence and incincerity of your practice, is the brightest ornament of your party. I hope, though it is an inferiour, it will not be a useless task, to endeavour to discover, and to portray those eminent peculiarities of character, which have rendered you so sufficiently base as to *out-darken* all your competitors for the praise of possessing the

fittest requisites to lead the democrats of Massachusetts. I would not have you suppose that I consider the investigation of any further importance, than as it is connected with political views; my principal object in considering your merits, will be to form some adequate estimate of the virtue of a party who will readily acknowledge such a man as your Honour to be their most accomplished compeer. I shall hope by such an attempt to rouse mistaken men from the extacies of their political delirium, and cause returning reason again to shed its light upon their minds.

I confess with reluctance that I am in some degree unfit for the task I have undertaken, for while it is evident that you *are* the most renowned hero of your party, yet I cannot possibly discover in your productions, any strength of mind, which should cause you to be famous, nor in your opinions sufficient plausibility to render you popular. Your vices too, are in no other respect peculiar, than as they are more malignant, than those of your brother democrats; so that I am reduced to this alternative; either you have concealed your abilities from all mankind excepting the chiefs of your party, or the great extent of your reputation rests entirely upon the blackness of your political infamy. You relieve me from the degrading necessity of following your career, through the grovelling baseness of your early life, until you have ascended to the pinnacle of your earthly ambition; your conduct as Lieut. Governour of this Commonwealth, is amply sufficient for my purposes. You now fill a large space in the eye of the publick, you are a conspicuous figure, always open to the adulation of your friends, and exposed to the denunciations of your enemies. Your deeds in this station have been worthless enough to gratify the revenge of the most malignant of your adversaries, and there is no necessity that they should pollute themselves with the scum of your former transactions, to ascertain more clearly the unworthy motives, by which you were at that time influenced.

The first circumstance which has distinguished your admin-administration is an avowal of sentiments notoriously inconsistent with the principles of the constitution, and evidently intended to be prostituted to the interests of party. Sensible that the term of your duties would soon expire, and that the virtue of integrity would not be satisfactory to your friends, you determined to gratify their ambition at the expense of the welfare of

the country ; and render your administration, remarkable in the annals of the state, first by the profligacy of your doctrines, and then by the enormity of your conduct. Without any sense of your own dignity, or that of the commonwealth, you have dared secretly to undermine the ramparts of the laws. The President knew you to be ready to promote any scheme, however unconstitutional, by any stretch of power, however oppressive. He knew you to be a creature whose inclinations and professions afforded him a sufficient pledge that his personal revenge should at any rate be executed, in spite of any provisions in the laws or constitution which opposed it. Far from acting with the open, the undisguised patriotism of Governour Trumbull, who dared peremptorily to refuse his compliance with an illegal demand ; you secretly and meanly followed the inclinations of your patrons at Washington, and one of the first of your official transactions was an absolute defiance of the very laws of which you are the ostensible guardian. This odious and contemptible behaviour is only an ebullition of that spirit of malignity, which without ever aspiring to the dignity of generous opposition, has marked the course of your whole life with a series of little, underhanded attempts to subvert the intentions of your political opponents. It remains to be seen how you will overcome the well supported charge for a deed which reduces all your other enormities to insignificance, and places an ulcer upon the forehead of your crimes, which excites all our attention, and engrosses all our abhorrence. Making every allowance for your ignorance, it appears evident from the features of the transaction, that you knew, in calling out any part of the militia of this state, you were acting without justifiable authority. The constitution, which you have always pretended to understand, you must have known, if you knew any thing, expressly dictates under what authority the President may call out the militia. He did not conform to it, he did not dare to conform to it. He dare not proclaim the citizens of this commonwealth in a state of insurrection. How could he order ' insurgents to disperse,' when there was no meeting of insurgents ? How could he proclaim his intention of rivetting the chains in which we were manacled, by a military power, when we professed no open intention to burst them asunder ? No, sir, he intended, and so did you, to coerce the people into submission to his tyranny, by secretly sapping the

fortifications which neither you nor he had the courage to scale. But thanks to the vigilance of our centinels, the attempt was discovered; and we are yet to learn whether the traitors will escape the punishment they deserve.

The consequences of this treachery, however, I presume you foresaw, would attach you more closely to your party. They have seen with delight your zeal in their cause, and they determine to support you at every hazard. But I trust in God, there is yet a spirit of determined integrity in the majority of the people of this state, which will resist the encroachment of such infamous principles: and I have too good an opinion of the militia officers to suppose they ever could have united with you in subverting the laws of the country. But I believe I understand you; you are willing to favour the summary method of a military execution. If such are your wishes, I have only to add, that with a trifling change of person in the criminal, who is to suffer, I should not repine if they were gratified tomorrow.

MARCUS BRUTUS.

Mr. JEFFERSON's *Answer to the Citizens of Wilmington, and its vicinity.*

THE composition of this 'greatest man in America,' has always been the theme of my panegyrick; I have ever considered him to be the first statesman and purest writer, that this country ever produced. I have lately discovered another gem for the cabinet of his literary reputation. The following METAPHOR, taken from the answer of that illustrious man to the *citizens of Wilmington*, will afford us ample illustration of the clearness of that head, which has discovered an inexhaustible source of wealth in the salt mountains of Louisiana, and a powerful coercion on foreign nations in the ever memorable embargo laws. CIBBER.

'The *storm*, which, with little intermission, has been raging for so many years, which has *immolated* the ancient dynasties and institutions of Europe, and prostrated the principles of publick law heretofore respected, has hitherto been 'felt but in a secondary degree by us.'

Here Mr. Jefferson gives us a storm, which acts in a double capacity. First merely as a *storm*, as all storms should act; and

second, as a priest at a sacrifice, who has *immolated* the ancient dynasties, &c. I was at a loss at first to account for this change of character in the storm, which by doubling the metaphor, is contrary to the grovelling rules of fine writing ; but the president has very wisely anticipated the objection, and introduces an expression which reconciles the whole : ' with little intermission.' Now it is evident that during the period of this ' little intermission,' the *storm* must have changed to the *priest* ; though it must be confessed he had hardly sufficient time in that capacity, to *immolate* all the ancient dynasties and institutions of Europe : however, our illustrious author, sensible of this, soon metamorphoses him back again into a mere *storm*, to ' *prostrate* the principles of publick law heretofore respected.' Besides this, we have hitherto felt the storm as such only ' in a secondary degree.'

ARBUTH.

This commentator has omitted to mention whether the great ' rage of the storm' storm continued under the character of the priest storm. This is a necessary point to be understood, since to be in a rage for ' many years' is inconsistent with the dignity of priesthood.

M. SCRIBLERUS.

' But threatening at length to involve us in its vortex,— it is time for all good citizens to rally round the constituted authorities,—by a publick expression of their determination to support the laws and government of their choice and to *frown* into silence all disorganizing movements.'

The first idea which this quotation affords, is the propriety of applying to a *storm* what common readers would refer to a *whirlpool* ; now it is evident that though whirlpools or vortexes exist without storms, yet they may easily exist with them. Therefore it is peculiarly elegant to say ' the *vortex* of a *storm*.' But the main singularity of the expression is the easy departure of the President from the metaphorical to the literal, and his return to the metaphorical again ; but without the same metaphor. Thus, for example. ' But threatening at length to involve us in its vortex, it is time for (what, *the storm* ? oh no,) all good citizens to rally round the constituted authorities.' Well ; having left the storm, for all good citizens, how do they contrive to rally ? why, ' by a publick expression,' yes, *rally* by ' an expression of their determination to support the laws and government of their

choice,' and *rally* by 'frowning into silence all disorganizing movements.' The last metaphor of '*frowning* a *movement* into *silence*' was reserved for the ever illuminated mind of Mr. Jefferson. ARBUTH.

The *threatening* of the storm comes to nothing at last; because the President dismisses it where he found it. M. SCRIBLERUS.

WHIG AND TORY.

'THE security of property is the great end of government. Surely then such measures as tend to render right and property precarious, tend to destroy both property and government. [*Letter from the house of representatives of Massachusetts Bay, to the Right Honourable the Earl of* SHELBURN, *one of His Majesty's principal Secretaries of State, dated 16th of January*, 1768.]

'Your Lordship will allow us to say, that it is an essential right of a British subject, ingrafted into the constitution; or if your Lordship will admit the expression, a sacred and unalienable natural right, quietly to enjoy and have the disposal of his own property.' [*Letter from the same to the Marquis of* ROCKINGHAM, *January 22*, 1768.]

If the men who supported and maintain such doctrines, were *whigs*, were such persons as the democrats are willing to set up as the patterns to which we should conform; how can they, with any tolerable consistency, deny the propriety of opposing the embargo laws, which evidently infringe the principles above laid down. The epithet *Tory*, therefore should now be shifted from the Essex to the Middlesex Junto, with Samuel Dana and Levi Lincoln at the head of it, for they are the avowed supporters of tyranny, violence and oppression.

PARALLEL.

We will now offer an extract from the Instructions of the Town of Boston, in June 1768, to James Otis, Esqr. Mr. Samuel Adams, and John Hancock, Esq. members of the town in the General Court, which we think very strongly applies to the present state of affairs.

'In addition to all this, we are continually alarmed with *rumours and reports* of new acts to be passed, new importations of officers and pensioners, to suck the life blood of the body politick while it is streaming from their veins; *fresh arrivals of ships of war to be a still severer restraint upon our trade*, and the arrival of a military force to dragoon us into passive obedience.'

How striking is this *Parallel;* the only difference is that our revolutionary forefathers felt themselves justified in condemning the *evils before they happened*, it was reserved for us not to make our remonstrances until the '*life blood*' had been long flowing from our veins in copious streams.

MORE YET.

'These measures excite in our minds the strongest sense of PUBLICK DANGER. On the one hand we hear claims set up destructive to our rights, on the other, threatenings uttered if we offer to oppose those claims. But no ministerial rhetorick can persuade us that a denial of the authority of parliament in cases pernicious to liberty is to 'subvert the principles of the constitution,' or that to be deeply sensible of oppressions, humbly to complain of them and peaceably to seek redress of them is 'a factious and flagitious attempt to disturb the publick peace.' [*Instructions to the Representatives of the city and county of Philadelphia. July* 30, 1768.]

THE SPANISH CAUSE.

WE briefly noticed in our last number, some of the reasons drawn from the French bulletins, which induced us to conclude that General Blake had not been so completely overthrown as many people, who do not examine places and the movements of the armies, are ready to believe. The inferences to be drawn from such sources, however, always rest upon some peculiar construction of phrase in the bulletins, which are more remarkable for ambiguity of style and expression, for cautiously concealing every disaster, and magnifying every success, than perhaps can be found in the official statements of any other nation that ever existed. We do not therefore place a very strong reliance upon conclusions necessarily founded upon so unsure bases; but as the posts which the armies are said to occupy, are substantially correct in the French accounts, there are certain results which can always be drawn from an attentive perusal of the bulletins. It appears clearly that Bonaparte has proceeded with the utmost caution, in the present campaign, that his victories have cost him dearly, and that he has made no great progress after he had pretended to have obtained them. Thus from the 25th of October, at which time we may date the beginning of the operation of the armies, to the 1st of December, the progress of the French has been so uncommonly dilatory, or has been so greatly impeded, that they had advanced only 120 geographical miles; that is from Vittoria to Aranda de Duero. How different this, from

the conquest of Prussia, after the battle of Jena, or indeed from any other campaign of Bonaparte. We cannot but think the peculiar warfare of the Spanish generals to have been the cause of all this delay. They kept their armies distinct from each other, so that the French were in a manner hemmed in a kind of triangle; on one angle, at the heights of Bilboa, Blake was posted, Castanos and Palafox were stationed at Viana and Tudella, whilst the army of Estramadura, under Frias, occupied Burgos and the neighbourhood. The head quarters of the French were at Vittoria, and from this place their movements were directed against the advanced guards of Castanos' army, who were driven from Lerin and Logrono, on the borders of Ebro, by Marshal Moncey. The next operations were against Blake, which we have already given in detail.

The army of Estramadura, consisting of nearly 20,000 men according to the French account, were at Burgos, and were attacked on the 10th of November by the Duke of Dalmatia, and the Duke of Itria. The Spaniards made no stand. They dispersed almost at the first onset. The French say there were only 300 men killed, and 3000 made prisoners. They were new raised recruits, consisting of the students of the universities of Salamanca and Leon, and the other militia corps, and probably as far inferiour in point of numbers to the French army, as they certainly must have been in steadiness and discipline. The head quarters of the French, immediately after this battle were removed to Burgos. We have not heard where the Spanish army have retreated, but suppose even if they have been dispersed they will rise again at the approach of the English, and make a more formidable resistance, as the discipline of real service increases.

No military operations of any importance after this took place until the 22d, when the French, directed their hostility against the army commanded by Generals Castanos and Palafox, stationed at Tudella and Calhorra. The French had waited quietly from the 10th to the 22d of November, until they could ascertain the retreat of Blake after the battle of Espinosa, that they might without much hazard require the services of the division of the Dukes of Belluno and Dantzick, who had been employed against him. The inactivity of the Spaniards during this time can only be accounted for, on the idea of their acting entirely on the defensive, until they should become convinced of the firmness and conduct of their forces in time of action; else it might fairly be presumed that an attack made upon the French whilst so large a proportion of the army were engaged in the mountains of Valmaseda, would have been eminently successful. In the battle of Tudella, the French brought their ablest generals and most veteran troops. Lannes was commander in chief, under him were Victor, Moncey and Ney; but Ney did not come up to his expected position in time. The Spaniards formed an oblique line from Cascante to Tudella. The

right wing at Tudella was commanded by Palafox, and the left at Cascante, by Castanos, which extended a league and a half; this errour the French took immediate advantage of, and pierced through the centre without fear, and Le Febre with his division of cavalry, pressed into the opening, and by a quarter wheel to the left, cut off the whole of Palafox's right wing. Castanos could not relieve him, which, had his force been concentrated, he might have done. But he was at the same time attacked by General Legrange, at the village of Cascante, and he retreated almost without resistance, but in good order. Palafox on the other hand, was treated more roughly; but on the whole, the Spanish loss, when viewed through the magnifying medium of French accounts, does not appear very alarming. There were only 6000 men engaged, and the enemy claim a loss of 4000 Spaniards, killed, or —— '*driven into the Ebro.*' The real loss is probably much less; but even that is small compared with the magnitude of the Spanish army, and the pretended completeness of the victory. After these battles, the French armies occupied nearly a square of about 160 geographical miles, and the Spanish and English armies were posted in various positions and in sufficient force on three sides of it: and from the extreme caution of the French movements, and the litle extent of country they have conquered, we do not yet think it time to suffer our expectations to subside into despondency.

Roads of Spain.

The following itinerary of the principal great roads from Madrid to the chief towns of the provinces, will be found very convenient by all persons reading the newspapers of the day. Many of the distances are stated from actual admeasurement: others are taken from the computed leagues of the country as estimated for the march of soldiers or hire of travelling horses, some of which have been corrected from the observations of the late M. Mechain, in his trigonometrical survey of Spain, in which he was employed, as well as in measuring a degree of the meridian in that country sometime in 1805. But as the country is very mountainous, and consequently the roads very crooked, no geometrical survey of the distances between the chief towns, as reduced from maps, can deserve the least attention; on the contrary, there are many places where the linear distances and the actual length of the carriage roads differ one fourth. It is to be observed that the nominal or common league of Spain is not less than four English miles, and that frequently the distance between villages estimated at a league, varies from $3\frac{3}{4}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ English miles.

Badajos.	Barcelona.	Burgos.	Cadiz.	Cordova.	Granada.	Jaen.	Leon.	Madrid.	Murcia.	Oviedo.	Pamplona.	Santiago.	Seville.	Toledo.	Valencia.	Zaragoza.
165	100	154	118	122	108	98	64	102	112	161	124	140	23	88	120	134
93	177	118	39	52	56	135	102	54	98	161	124	181	140	66	86	52
60	131	122	52	20	14	98	64	68	50	124	120	160	22	50	74	100
47	138	108	56	14	14	110	96	54	50	136	112	140	35	54	73	105
67	120	32	135	98	110	96	55	114	38	122	112	58	32	41	64	92
61	134	54	102	64	68	54	55	59	114	26	60	106	88	12	107	85
83	102	112	98	50	50	38	114	59	82	139	102	159	68	53	51	50
63	88	56	161	124	136	122	26	82	139	86	123	56	138	92	32	80
97	158	38	160	124	120	112	60	60	102	86	123	148	156	72	133	111
110	67	59	181	140	160	140	58	106	159	56	148	156	112	157	72	27
123	176	140	23	22	35	32	112	88	68	138	148	156	112	157	99	125
120	150	66	88	50	54	41	68	12	53	92	72	112	76	99	59	125
37	114	55	86	120	74	73	64	107	51	32	133	72	157	99	59	62
51	55	52	52	134	100	105	92	85	50	80	111	27	125	125	62	45
110	52	113	113	113	113	113	113	113	113	113	113	113	113	113	113	113
113	113	113	113	113	113	113	113	113	113	113	113	113	113	113	113	113

This table represents the number of leagues between all the capital towns of the provinces, or, as they are usually called, kingdoms, and the metropolis or court of Spain, MADRID. If it is desired to know the distance between Badajos and Madrid, the angle of the column under the former, and immediately opposite the latter, gives 63 leagues, or 252 English miles: if from Badajos to Zaragoza, we find 113 leagues, or 452 English miles; and so with all the others.

N. B. The distances in this table are taken on the carriage roads, and not the bridle roads, which are shorter, more mountainous, and generally impassable to any thing but asses, mules, sheep, or black cattle. *Port Folio.*

POETRY.

THE poets of the northern section of the United States are as frigid as the season, and we have obtained but little assistance in this department. The occasional specimens, however, which appear in the Chronicle and other democratick papers, are apt to excite our risibility, if they do not extort our praise. The tendency of the original rhymes of that paper is almost always to some democratick purpose ; on this account we shall feel obliged to any correspondent who will take the trouble to expose the absurdities either of style or sentiment, which are contained in such compositions ; since by so doing he will confer a benefit on the community, and offer an agreeable repast to the lovers of good humour, and satirick assault. The intention of the following lines from the Chronicle, is to revive a subject which ought to be buried in oblivion ; the *laws* have long since decided the question which it involves. We therefore have no hesitation in publishing the parody which follows them, which we have received from a correspondent.

From the CHRONICLE.

I send to the *Chronicle* the following lines written by J. DE WOLF, Esq. of Bristol, (R. I.)—which for their harmony of numbers, felicity of expression, originality of design, and adaptation to existing sensations of the publick mind, must possess a respectful standing on the list of good writing. LEANDER.

THE MURDERER'S DREAMS.

O'ER the bog and o'er the fen,
Through the dark and pathless glen,
At midnight's hour I stray—
By the thick, unwholesome stream,
Where noxious vapours dimly gleam,
And deadly exhalations rise,
And the black-wing'd raven flies ;
Where the alligator sleeps,
And the dire asp envenom'd creeps,
I pace my lonely way.

Shrill sings the chill blast through the sedge,
Loud shrieks the night-bird from the hedge,
The wand'ring mad-dog yells—
Fell witches ply their hellish art,
And feast upon the infant's heart,
And blast me with their spells.

On the dark and lonely shore,
Where tempests howl and billows roar,
And burst upon the strand—
While lightnings hiss around my head,
And chill my guilty soul with dread;
In frantick fancy oft I stand.

With frantick yell, and horrid form,
The black-wing'd demon of the storm,
Above me lowly cowers—
He names the deed—the damning deed—
And points to murder'd forms that bleed,
While Heaven darker lowers.

Oft o'er the wild and blasted heath,
Mid shrieks of woe and forms of death,
Some phantom I pursue—
Pale eyeless spectres burst the ground,
And rush in maniack dance around—
Oft they raise their fleshless hands,
Beck'ning to where the gibbet stands,
And shout, 'behold thy due!'

Such are the dreams that hover o'er my bed,
Since by my arm the hapless AUSTIN bled!

MESSRS. EDITORS,

I send to the *Ordeal* the following lines, written by J. DE WOLF, Esq. of Bristol, (R. I.) in which I have made a few alterations, (much for the better) and which, for their harmony of numbers, felicity of expression, originality of design, conformity to truth, and adaptation to publick opinion, must possess a respectful standing on the list of good writing.

LEANDER.

THE SLANDERER'S DREAMS.

WHEN on my restless couch reclin'd,
What horrid visions haunt my mind,
At midnight's solemn hour!
Methought the messenger of woe,
Bore me to sulph'rous realms below,
Consign'd to Pluto's power.

'Miscreant! (he cryied) the hour is come
Appointed for thy future doom;
Thy crimes shall have their due,

Thy slanders, and thy hate of truth,
Thy sins of age and sins of youth,
  Shall pass in just review.'

O'er the bog and o'er the fen,
Through the dark and pathless glen,
Where the the alligator sleeps,
And the asp envenom'd creeps,
  We take our dismal way:
By the thick unwholesome stream,
Where noxious vapours dimly gleam,
And deadly exhalations rise,
And the black-wing'd raven flies,
  With trembling limbs I stray.

Red lightnings hiss around my head,
And chill my guilty soul with dread;
  The wand'ring mad-dog yells:
Fell witches ply their hellish art,
And feast upon my grieving heart,
  And blast me with their spells.

With frantick yell and horrid form,
The black-wing'd demon of the storm
  Above me threatening cowers;
He names each sland'rous damning deed,
And points were murder'd reputations bleed,
  While hell e'en darker lowers.

O'er the wild and blasted heath,
Mid shrieks of woe and forms of death,
  Pale phantoms me pursue;
Millions of spectres burst the ground,
And rush in maniack dance around;
And raise their glaring sunken eyes,
Beck'ning to where the flames arise,
  And shout 'behold thy due!'

Such are the dreams that hover o'er my head;
Such visions nightly haunt HONESTUS' thorny bed.

TRANSLATION FROM THE GERMAN.

WHOEVER has perused the prophetick metrical compositions of VAN VANDER HORDERCLOGETH must surely remember the poem

on the 3697 fol. of which the following is a translation ; it commences thus---

Urom gronter gruder grout grapstock,
Zordur zoop, &c.

All gloomy and sorrowful Beelzebub sat,
With his imps and his devils around,
When the thundering knocker of Hell's outer grate
Rang a peal so terrifick and loud on the gate,
That all Erebus echoed the sound.

Full swift to the portal the young devils flew,
And the long gloomy passage unbarr'd ;
When a lanthorn-jaw'd monster stood forth to their view,
So meagre his figure, so pale was his hue,
That the devils all trembled and star'd.

All green were his eyes in their sockets decay'd,
His nose was projecting and wide,
In a dusty frock-coat was his carcase array'd,
On his scull he a three-corner'd scraper display'd,
And two volumes* he bore at his side.

So foul were his breath and the words that he said,
That his teeth had long rotted away---
And now to the devils a signal he made,
To show him their master, the devils obey'd,
And brought him where Beelzebub lay.

Old Beelzebub rose, as the monster came in,
And stood for a moment in dread ;
For they look'd like each other enough to be kin,
Save that one had whole feet and a light-colour'd skin,
And the other had horns on his head.

'Whence art thou?" said Beelzebub ; 'stranger, proclaim,
For if Satan can rightly divine,
Thou art surely some hero of throat-cutting fame,
For ne'er to these regions a spirit there came,
With figure so hellish as thine.'

'No throats have I cut,' the lank goblin replied,
With voice that was hollow and shrill ;

* I have not been able to discover what these volumes were. There is a short note in the German, which implies that they were intitled Dulder Soudth.

'I have cheated, and bullied, and swindled, and lied,
Sedition and falsehood I've spread far and wide,
And in mischief I never was still.

'My name is —— ——;' no sooner he said,
Than Beelzebub rose with a grin;
He embrac'd the foul monster, who also display'd
His joy at the meeting, and both of them made
All Hell echo round with their din.

THE STAGE.

A REPLY

To certain observations contained in pages of the Ordeal, 135-6-7.

I AM perfectly aware that I misspend my time in making this reply. Yet as I have taken the affirmative, however trifling the subject of altercation, it is unquestionably my duty to support it. It is a fact, that whenever a person mistakes the general ground of argument, all his deductions must be ridiculous, irrelevant and false. The writer in the Ordeal presumes, that my intention in the Repertory of Feb. 24th, was critically to review that inimitable farrago, The Pilgrims, and on this presumption he founds his following observations. I had no such intention, and therefore all such observations are ridiculous and false. The absurdity of this presumption must be obvious to all. The club of Hercules was never intended to destroy mosquitoes, nor the lever of Archimedes to exalt pebble stones into the air. How despicable then would be the employment of Criticism upon such ephemeral productions as the Pilgrims. But since I have come into the business, I shall review these observations, as they occur, and I hope to the author's satisfaction.

The gentleman commences his remarks by telling us what is certainly nothing to the purpose, that "so far from being an enemy to theatrical criticisms, he has *sometimes dabbled* in them himself." I really do not doubt it; but neither this nor what immediately follows, has any thing to do with my observations. They were never intended as a criticism, as this writer has foolisly supposed, but were written on the evening of the play, as loose remarks; and had this writer known any right rule of criticism, he never would have make such a stupid supposition. But this gentleman has applied certain lines to me, by the way of compliment; yet he has rather a better right to them than I have. But as it is proper that I should return the compliment, I will give him these, as peculiarly applicable to himself:

Jocky ma Jory,
I'll tell you a story.
And now my story's begun,
Jocky ma Jother,
I'll tell you anotner,
And now my story's done.

He next proceeds to inform us what he is fond of; he is fond of American plays, he is fond of seeing them performed, and I suppose he is fond of peas in summer. The gentleman next observes, 'it is unreasonable to expect that historical personages are to be represented by actors, resembling them in person, and that such resemblance is not to be expected.' I have no design of displaying any *astutia* in reply to this observation, for the gentleman has luckily furnished me with an argument already. 'Garrick renounced Othello, because he was too small to give effect to the part.' What then? why the gentleman has completely overthrown himself. We are not to expect resemblances between the personages and the actors; and yet Garrick renounced the part of Othello, because this resemblance did not exist.

I know very little, says this gentleman, of the costume of our stage. The gentleman does not know the meaning of the word. 'The *audidience* would have been convulsed with laughter to have *seen* (what, with their ears?) our mothers, represented by *young women*, dressed in long waists, wide sleeves and ruffs:' certainly they would, and so much the better; this was not so very tragical, surely. The gentleman wishes to know what language I would substitute for the English, to be used by the Indians; none at all; this should have been a pantomime, so far as respected any intercourse between the English and the Indians. But this illiterate gentleman insinuates that the objections against the *kind* of language '*made use of*' by the Indians are sound, because certain expressions imply civilization. I gave no such *because*, it was absurd that they should talk English at all; and if they did, the more so, that some of them should use such expressions as were quoted. Further, the gentleman observes that the metrical composition, spoken by the Genius, was existing at the beginning of the seventeenth century; before the year sixteen hundred and fifty. The gentleman is mad. He either is ignorant what the composition was, or does not understand the method of computing years.

I have done—It is my sincere hope, however, that I may never become acquainted with any person, *as the author of the stuff* to which I have now replied. For I certainly view him as a person of wretched talents, and pitiful arguments.